

## THE THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION OF THE NEW YORK WORLD

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The World long since established a record for impartiality, and any body can afford its Thrice-a-Week edition, which comes every other day in the week, except Sunday. It will be of particular value to you now. The Thrice-a-Week World also abounds in other strong features, serial stories, humor, markets, cartoons; in fact, everything that it to be found in a first class daily.

THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD's regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and Hopkinsville Kentuckian together for one year for \$2.65.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$3.00.

### Unusual Offer To Our Readers.

For a limited time, and subject to withdrawal after 30 days, the well known publishing house of the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, founded in 1792, offers to the readers of this paper a 12 months' subscription to "Lippincott's Magazine" and a year's subscription to the Kentuckian, both for \$3.00. This is the price of a twelve months' subscription to "Lippincott's" alone. Additional to obtaining every issue of this paper for a year, our readers will receive in "Lippincott's," 12 great complete novels by popular authors, 105 short stories, crisp, entertaining, original 45 timely articles from the pens of masters, and each month some excellent poems with the right sentiment, and "Walnuts and Wine," the most popular humor section in America. To obtain this extraordinary offer prompt action is necessary. Remit to J. B. Lippincott Company, Washington Square, Phila., Pa. Advertisement.

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## THOSE "MOVIES" AGAIN

BEING THE STORY OF HOW A TALE ANGERED A MAN.

Began Well, and Really Got Quite Interesting, but the Ending Made Him Resolve to Read the Last First in Future.

You pick up something to read in the train and you come across a story something like this:

"Are you a brave man?" "Smith stared and looked at the speaker, who was clearly a Frenchman. We say 'clearly' a Frenchman, because he shrugged his shoulders ten or fifteen times a minute, and if that isn't clear enough for a short story writer, nothing is."

Smith being stranded in Paris, the question interested him, as there might be a franc or two in sight. "Am I brave?" repeated Smith. "Well, I'm moderately brave at five francs, and for twenty I'm as brave as a lion."

"Good," said the stranger. "Twenty francs for you. And le box—can you use your fists?" "Surest thing you know," said Smith. "I used to box with Jeffries."

"You must ask no questions. Just go into a house I shall point out to you. Defend yourself if attacked."

By that time you are becoming interested. Here, you think, is a story of the old-fashioned romantic kind. Good. Nothing about eugenics, suffrage, psychology. All mystery, fighting, adventure—love, probably.

"Right," says Smith, "give me the 20 francs and show me the house." The mysterious stranger leads Smith to a gloomy house, which, of course, has "something sinister about it."

"Enter. Fight if you are attacked. Be brave."

"Smith enters the dark hallway. Sounds of barbaric music are heard from behind hangings of oriental splendor. (Getting exciting now. It's about this point that you become interested so that you ride past your station.)"

Pushing aside these hangings of oriental splendor, Smith walks boldly into a big hall. A sultan of oriental ferocity is on a throne, a sultana of oriental beauty by his side. Dancing girls of oriental freedom are before him. Black slaves (probably "gigantic Nubians") stand behind him. The sultana throws Smith a bulbous blossom. "Off with the Glaur's head!" roars the sultan. Smith clinches with the gigantic Nubians. Some scrap! Whir- roo!

Of course, "after a gallant fight," Smith is borne under and the scimitar is about to disconnect his head from the rest of his system, when the mysterious Frenchman enters and says:

"Some film, boys, some film."

It was all in the movies, you see. You throw the periodical out of the window; possibly you curse. You get out at Louthurst, take the village cab and resolve never to look at a story again until you have glanced at the finish and make sure you won't be faked.

Woman Soon to Be Bald.

The future Eve will be bald. So says Dr. Broig in the Bulletin Medical of Berlin.

"In the 30 years of my practice," says Dr. Broig, "I can say as a result of close observation that the physique of the new generation of women is slowly but surely undergoing a change. The breast is sinking in, the shoulders becoming more stooped, cold feet are becoming a normal manifestation, the hands are showing tendency toward a violet or purplish color, the face is becoming smaller, deep wrinkles in the forehead more frequent, and the digestion getting worse. And that is not all; bloodlessness is affecting the face and skull. The elasticity of the pores is decreasing, and the nose is developing more and more."

"This decrease of vitality is affecting the scalp. Women today are losing hair as never before. Woman are marching rapidly toward baldness."

Gold Mine Under His Feet.

George Sharp, a miner of Pedro Creek, Alaska, lived over a fortune over nine years before he knew that the fortune existed.

Sharp, when he first came to the Fairbanks district, located a claim on the right limit of Pedro creek, opposite No. 2, and prospected for gold on the claim at different times ever since.

He spent most of his time searching for the yellow stuff on his other holdings, apparently neglectful of the possibilities right under the floor of his cabin. A few weeks ago Sharp sank a shaft near his cabin, got some prospects and then tunneled on bed rock for ten feet or so.

He encountered coarse gold, some fair-sized nuggets being included in the dust obtained after sluicing a small dump.

Applied to the Wrong Man. Two lawyers representing much the same interests in the Clavin suit are bitter enemies, and this threatening to make needless bother for all concerned, Judge Morgan J. O'Brien was requested to use his good offices to effect peace.

"Sorry," said the judge, "but I guess you have made a mistake. Whoever heard of a man named O'Brien interfering to stop a fight?"—New York Tribune.

## Hopkinsville Market Quotations.

Corrected Oct. 1, 1914.

RETAIL GROCERY PRICES.

Country lard, good color and clean 14c and 15c per pound.

Country bacon, 18c per pound.

Black-eyed peas, \$3.50 per bushel

Country shoulders, 12c per pound.

Country hams 22c per pound.

Irish potatoes, \$1.25 per bushel.

Northern eating Rural potatoes 1.25 per bushel

Texas eating onions, \$1.75 per bushel, new stock

Dried Navy beans, \$3.20 per bushel

Cabbage, new, 2 1/2 cents a pound.

Dried Lima beans, 60c per gallon.

Country dried apples, 10c per pound, 3 for 25c

Daisy cream cheese, 25c per pound

Full cream brick cheese, 25c per pound

Full cream Limberger cheese, 25c per pound

Popcorn, dried on ear, 2c per pound

Fresh Eggs 25c per doz

Choice lots fresh, well-worked country butter, in pound prints, 30c.

### FRUITS.

Lemons, 30c per dozen

Navel Oranges 20c to 40c per doz.

Bananas, 15c and 25c doz

Cash Price Paid For Produce.

### POULTRY.

Dressed hens, 15c per pound

Dressed cocks, 7c per pound

live hens, 12c per pound; live cocks 3c per pound; live turkeys, 14c per pound

ROOTS, HIDES, WOOL AND TALLOW.

Prices paid by wholesale dealers to butchers and farmers:

Roots—Southern ginseng, \$5.75 lb

"Golden Seal" yellow root, \$1.35 lb

Mayapple, 3c; pink root, 12c and 13c

Tallow—No. 1, 4c; No. 2, 4c.

Wool—Burry, 10c to 17c; Clear Grease, 21c, medium, tub washed 23c to 30c; coarse, dingy, tub washed 18c.

Feathers—Prime white goose, 50c; dark and mixed old goose, 15c to 30c; gray mixed, 15c to 30c; white duck 22c to 35c, new.

Hides and Skins—These quotations are for Kentucky hides. Southern green hides 8c. We quote assorted lots dry flint, 12c to 14c. 9-10 better demand.

Dressed geese, 11c per pound for choice lots, live 5c

Fresh country eggs, 18 cents per dozen

Fresh country butter 25c lb.

A good demand exists for spring chickens, and choice lots of fresh country butter.

### HAY AND GRAIN.

No. 1 timothy hay, \$24.90

No. 1 clover hay, \$20.00

Clean, bright straw hay, 25c bale

Alfalfa hay, \$25.00

White seed oats, 54c

Black seed oats, 53c

Mixed seed oats, 65c

No. 2 white corn, 90c

Winter wheat bran, \$28.00



Time Card No. 147

Effective Monday, Oct. 12, 1914.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

No. 93—C. & N. O. Lim. 11:56 p. m.

No. 51—St. L. Express 5:35 p. m.

No. 95—Dixie Flyer 9:33 a. m.

No. 755—Hopkinsville Ar. 7:05 a. m.

No. 53—St. L. Fast Mail 5:33 a. m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No. 92—C. & St. L. Lim., 5:25 a. m.

No. 52—St. Louis Express, 9:55 a. m.

No. 94—Dixie Flyer, 7:08 p. m.

No. 56—Hopkinsville Ac. 8:55 p. m.

No. 54—St. L. Fast Mail 10:18 p. m.

No. 61 connects at Guthrie for Memphis and points as far south as Erin, and for Louisville, Cincinnati and all points north and east thereof. Nos. 53 and 55 also connect for Memphis and way points.

No. 53 carries through sleepers to Atlanta, Macon, Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Tampa, Fla. Also Pullman sleepers to New Orleans. Connects at Guthrie for points East and West. No. 55 will not carry local passengers for points north, Nashville, Tenn.

J. C. HOGE, Agt.

**THE KENTUCKIAN**  
Prints All The News.

## SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

ONE VETERAN RETIRED AND RECRUIT TOOK SERVICE.

Gringo Civilian Got a Taste of Stirring Life and Found It to His Liking. So the Account Was Balanced.

Silently the steamer slipped over the starlit waters, Momotombo's plume of steam 6,000 feet above us. The pier we were to take was hidden in the blackness ahead. Every light ahead was doused, for we had no wish to make a show of ourselves.

Then somebody opened the fire doors under the boilers. A plume of sparks flew from the smokestack and lit the boat brightly and a hundred men on deck swore, not too softly.

Answer came in a flash from the black ahead of us. Bang! came the bark of a field gun. A rosy spark boring its way through the night passed over our heads and on into the night and lake.

"Turn around, captain! Turn quick, and go back!"

So our brave Colombian general in command; a patriot for Nicaragua and 300 pesos a month.

Pray, don't imagine that he was scared. He wouldn't endanger his men out there on the water; the enemy on firm land and beyond reach of machetes. No. He boldly stood grasping the rail, and if his arm fairly shook me as we were crowded against each other it was no doubt because he trembled with bold ardor.

At least I couldn't see that he changed color. But then, I never saw an ace of clubs change color. Still, there's a difference in blacks. The general's shade was the shiner of the two in the light from our plumes of sparks.

"Go back, captain, to a thousand meters!" the general ordered again, but with no very great authority of tone.

"You go to thunder!" Captain Tooth blurted with what seemed to me an approach to bluntness. "Isn't there a man aboard who'll take a crack at them chaps ashore?"

The commanding general walked aft. A gringo civilian said:

"Hold her as she goes, Cap. I'll try a shot."

He dropped to the main deck, sighted the little beauty of a breechloader and jerked the lanyard. A shell strolled shoreward, struck and broke in many pieces. A locomotive on the pier vomited burning sparks and rumbled away from there. The natives who were the crew of the gun dipped coffee sacks in a bucket of water and laid them on the gun.

"Get out of this with your dishrag! What d'ye mean! Give me that shell, pronto!" yelled that mad gringo, jerking the sacks overboard and snatching the shell.

Half a dozen other shells went ashore and smashed themselves to ruins, one going through the planking of the motorboat of which the rebels proposed to make a man-o-war to take Managua.

Then that intrusive gringo hunted up the commanding general and asked:

"Why not land now and take the place?"

But he ordered the expedition to return to Managua. He wouldn't risk his brave men by a night attack. They might run into ambush under fire of our gun.

The general retired from the service, and the 300 pesos, the next day. So a soldier of fortune was lost to the cause of the government. But the account was balanced that very day, for that gringo, beguiled by an offer from the president and the taste he had had of war, became a soldier of fortune.

### Lakes Drying Up.

A report just laid before the senate at Cape Town says definitely that South Africa is drying up not because of any lessening of the average rainfall, but on account of the steady disappearance of the local water supplies. "There is no doubt," it adds, "that many parts of the Union will eventually become uninhabitable."

Long ago Livingstone pointed out this probability, and within the last half-century quite a number of lakes in central Africa have disappeared, while Lake Chad is shrinking every year.

Europe is in no better case. A German geologist recently made an exhaustive inventory of the European lakes and found that hundreds had disappeared or been reduced to insignificant proportions. In the canton of Zurich 150 lakes were catalogued in 1660; now there are barely 70.

### The Dancing Floor.

From year to year various substances are suggested, tried out, found satisfactory and then superseded by others to produce smooth dancing floors. The wax candle, chipped liberally over the floor and then energetically rubbed in, has had its day. So has talcum powder, which has been used by the boxful to produce a good dancing surface. Now corn meal is looked upon as the best polish of a dancing floor. It is sprinkled over the floor, not too liberally, and rubbed in by the dancing feet.

### Pleasurable Madness.

"Peopleish is always entertaining one sort of utopian dream." "I rather think the dream entertains him."

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